

THE MISSIONARY HELPER

Faith and Works Win —

VOL. XXIII.

AUGUST, 1900.

No. 8.

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MOTTO: *Faith and Works Win.*

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GOD KNOWETH.

Men send their ships, the eager things,
To try their luck at sea ;
But none can tell by note or count
How many there may be.
One turneth east, another south,
They never come again ;
And then we know they must have sunk,
But neither how nor when.

God sends his happy birds abroad ;
"They're less than ships," say we.
No moment passes but He knows
How many there should be.
One buildeth high, another low,
With just a bird's light care ;
If only one, perchance, doth fall,
God knoweth when and where.

Working Notes.—The foreign mission numbers of the *Morning Star* (June 28) and the *Free Baptist* (July 3) were not only excellent and helpful taken separately, but they admirably supplemented each other and should be kept together for ready reference. . . . Much was said in favor of medical missions at the Ecumenical Conference. Many missionaries who well know the existing conditions in foreign fields testified to the ease with which the physician can reach people wholly inaccessible to the preacher or teacher; but he opens the way for them, and himself carries the Gospel of the healing of soul and body. . . . Michigan and Vermont readers will be particularly interested in this number of the *HELPER*, but all will be glad to know more of our new medical missionary, through the introduction of her friend and former teacher, Miss Deering. Let us especially remember in our prayers, this month and next, Dr. Mary Bacheler, on furlough, and Dr. Shirley Smith who sails in the fall. . . . The workers in India will take heart over the news of reinforcements: Mrs. Mary R. Phillips, ready to go to work, and Rev. and Mrs. Murphy and Dr. Smith, well equipped to begin. . . . Miss Barnes writes on a postal card, under date of June 6, "I am expecting a number of guests to-morrow who are coming to attend quarterly meeting, and shall be very busy. I hope to get a letter on the way to the *HELPER* this month. Give my love to all the juniors and tell them this is my birthday month—the 25th. The weather is very warm now, but I am well. Miss Hooper is making a little visit in Balasore." . . . Attention is called to Treasurer's Notes, and to the fact that we are so near the close of our financial year. . . . New Hampshire is to be commended for its plans to make more than usual effort to organize auxiliaries in the coming year. May its plans succeed, and other States be inspired to do likewise. . . . The promised articles on "Christian Missions and Social Progress" will soon begin to appear in the *HELPER*. . . . The topics for Monthly Meetings for 1901 will be announced early, in order that local auxiliaries may have ample time to adapt them to their own needs before the beginning of the new year. It is hoped that the plan for a uniform course of study for women of all denominations, proposed at the Ecumenical Conference, will be ready for 1902. . . . At the solicitation of Dr. Aletta Jacobs, Amsterdam, Holland, a copy of the History of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society and a bound volume of the *MISSIONARY HELPER* were sent to the Paris Exposition to be added to the collection of books and periodicals representing the world-wide work of women. . . . The Woman's Missionary Society held an interesting meeting, with an excellent program, in June, at the yearly meeting at Unadilla Forks, N. Y. Pledges were made to the amount of \$40.62, and the proposal to assume the support of a widow in India was discussed. . . . The *Storer Record* for June was a commencement number and full of interest. Among other good things it records the speech of Mrs. Coralie Franklin Cook, made at the eightieth birthday celebration of Miss Susan B. Anthony, in Washington, during the late Suffrage Convention. . . . Quantities of kind friends, inspiring words, and good works at Ocean Park this month. Watch for the story about them.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONVENTION.

BY PROF. FRANCES STEWART MOSHER.

GOOD weather, good speaking, good interest, a good time generally, was the verdict in regard to the thirteenth annual convention of the United Society of Free Baptist Young People, as delegates and friends regretfully said their good-byes. But the suggestions and inspirations of these four days will go throughout the year and the denomination. There was a large attendance of representative young people, and it did not matter that some of the youngest in thought and spirit were silver-haired. Hope and enthusiasm are always young, and wisdom knows no age except that of experience and observation.

The "quiet hours" were earnest and reverential, where the voices of the world were hushed to listen to the still voice of the great Leader, and the influence of these hours was felt in public services, business routine, and social intercourse. The junior conference on Friday was especially interesting. It was conducted by General Secretary Harry S. Myers, and was a free, informal interchange of thought and experience as to the best methods of working with children. Several pastors and teachers emphasized the fact that there was no age too young to receive Christian impressions, and that the youngest children with their mammas should be welcomed to the children's service. The children were to be encouraged in sustaining on Sunday, when practicable, a devotional meeting, and on some week day a business meeting. The superintendent should tactfully help the children to take responsibility while skillfully directing the management towards the main object in view—that of developing earnest Christian men and women. Since home and foreign missions are essentially one with Christian living, it was urged that a mission spirit constantly pervade the meeting and that once a month these topics be made prominent.

The missionary conference Saturday forenoon was full of interest and hope. The State rallies in the afternoon at the college buildings were enthusiastic, and the patriotic services and instructive lecture by Hon. C. E. Littlefield on the campus was of rare value to all. President and Mrs. Chase and the faculty of Bates College provided for us a delightful hour's reception in Roger Williams Hall. We have not spoken of the public services. They will be reported elsewhere. Certainly the value of these conventions cannot be overestimated. If the young people would carry on the work of the fathers, if the denomination would perpetuate the principles of the past, if India, Storer, education, temperance, spirituality are to be rallying cries in the future as in the past, then there must be some way in which the young people and even children shall learn the story of past efforts and achievements while they derive inspiration and wisely plan for the future. Such a means is the Young People's Convention, and we heartily wish it Godspeed.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

" He touched her hand and the fever left her."
 He touched her hand as He only can,
 With the wondrous skill of the great Physician,
 With the tender touch of the Son of Man.

And the fever pain in the throbbing temples
 Died out with the flush on brow and cheek,
 And the lips that had been so parched and burning
 Trembled with thanks she could not speak.

And the eyes where the fever light had faded,
 Looked up, by her grateful tears made dim,
 And she rose and ministered in her household,
 She rose and ministered unto him.

" He touched her hand, and the fever left her."
 Oh, we need his touch on *our* fevered hands!
 The cool, still touch of the Man of Sorrows,
 Who knows us, and loves us, and understands.

So many a life is one long fever!
 A fever of anxious suspense and care,
 A fever of getting, a fever of fretting,
 A fever of hurrying here and there.

Ah, what if in winning the praise of others
 We miss at last the King's " Well done "?
 If our self-taught tasks in the Master's vineyard
 Yield nothing but leaves at the set of sun?

" He touched her hand, and the fever left her."
 Oh, blessed touch of the Man Divine!
 So beautiful then to arise and serve him,
 When the fever has gone from your life and mine:

It may be the fever of restless serving,
 With the heart all thirsty for love and praise,
 And eyes all aching and strained with yearning
 Toward self-set goals in the future days;

Or it may be a fever of pain and anger,
 When the wounded spirit is hard to bear,
 And only the Lord can draw forth the arrows
 Left carelessly, cruelly rankling there.

Whatever the fever, his touch can heal it;
 Whatever the tempest, his voice can still;
 There is only one joy as we seek his pleasure,
 There is only rest as we choose his will.

And some day, after life's fitful fever,
 I think we shall say, in the home on high,
 " If the hands that he touched but did his bidding,
 How little it matters what else went by ! "

Ah, Lord! thou knowest us all together,
 Each heart's sore sickness, whatever it be;
 Touch thou our hands! let the fever leave us,
 And so shall we minister unto thee.

—E. G. Cherry, in *Christian*.

OUR NEW MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

I.

SHIRLEY HOLMES SMITH.

BY HARRIET A. DEERING.

“ JUNE, dear June ” has become doubly dear to the college girl of to-day, for during this month she lays aside her cap and gown with the gaieties of the commencement season, and goes out from alma mater to begin her chosen work in the world. Of the large class of 1900, graduating from the medical department of Michigan University, no member was more universally loved and respected by faculty and students than Shirley Holmes Smith, vice-president of the class, medical vice-president of the Students’ Christian Association, and missionary-elect to India under our Woman’s Missionary Society. As in choosing a minister, so in selecting a worker for the foreign field, we look for sterling qualities of mind and heart, and a well dominated body—culture, refinement, and spirituality, with a large amount of plain common sense ; and these qualities are combined in an unusual degree in this choice of our Woman’s Board.

Shirley Holmes Smith was born in Somerset, Mich., May 17, 1870, in a home where father and mother were lovers of God and eager to have their children such. It was a home where Christ was honored by word as well as deed, where Christian missions was often a topic of conversation, and where special honor was shown to missionaries returned from foreign lands. No wonder then that Shirley should publicly confess Christ at the early age of seven years, and no wonder that the mission interest, early planted and often watered, should live year after year and become deep-rooted and of vigorous growth.



SHIRLEY HOLMES SMITH.

Of her characteristics as a child her mother gives us a glimpse thus :

" Shirley always took things seriously, with an unusual comprehension of sadness and pathos. A sad song, even before she could understand the meaning of words, would move her to tears. Her grandfather's death, which occurred in the house where we lived, affected her far more than the older children. She was just four years of age then, but could not be induced to play, nor smile even, for days, though she made no noisy demonstrations of grief. She was converted at seven years of age, that is, she then expressed herself publicly, for it would be hard to say when she did not have a trust in and love for her Saviour, as shown in her conscientious and intelligent devotion. She was always obedient and affectionate at home, inclined to quiet and reading, and fond of music, and rather liking the household work and sewing. She was also always perfectly trustworthy. When from home I never had any fears for her good behavior, and if my trust was ever betrayed, I have never yet found it out. While she was seriously inclined, she was not morbidly so, and she liked the games and romps and frolics of children, as well as any of them, and engaged in them just as freely as opportunity offered."

In recalling her first interest in missions, Shirley says : " When I was about eleven years old, the pastor of the church in the little town of Addison, where I then lived, went to China as a missionary. Mamma had always been interested in missions, and I suppose I had been to a certain extent, because of her interest, but knowing this missionary and his wife, and reading their letters, greatly increased my interest, but I do not remember that it occurred to me at that time that I would ever be one to go. However, I do not doubt that this had an unrecognized influence when the thought did come to me. It was in the summer of '85, I think, when I took up my Bible, just before going to bed one night, to read a verse, and my eyes fell on that vision of Paul when he saw the man of Macedonia saying, ' Come over into Macedonia and help us.' At that moment it came to me as a call, and without any struggle, or process of reasoning for or against, I knelt at my bedside and told God that I was willing to go as a foreign missionary if that were his will. If I had been older and had realized all that it meant I might not have yielded so readily, but from that time the idea became a settled purpose, and at no time have I been strongly tempted to depart from it. I said nothing to any one for a long time about this new idea, and only one or two people knew anything of it until a year or more later, when Mr. Robert Wilder came to Hillsdale, and there I signed the Volunteer Declaration, then called a pledge. It read, ' I am willing and desirous, God permitting, to become a foreign missionary.' I think nineteen of the students signed at that time."

Even after this public declaration of purpose there was never any posing on

Shirley's part, there was never any putting on of airs, and she never made any talk about it. Modest, quiet, dignified, without the slightest ostentation, ever intent on the work of the moment, she held the even tenor of her way as before, an earnest Christian student, always cheerful, always ready to lend an ear of sympathy to other girls, or to lend a hand in difficulty. With her one purpose ever in view, though she never forced it into the view of others, she quietly awaited God's leadings, year after year, accepting the work which came to her, as needed preparation for India. So on graduating from college in 1890, she accepted at once a position as teacher in Parker College, Winnebago City, Minn. Here, as at Hillsdale, she showed herself a quick, bright thinker, earnest and conscientious with her pupils, and an active leader in all Christian work, impressing others with the strength and sincerity of her Christian character.

Throughout her course at Hillsdale College, Miss Smith was an active member of the Young Women's Christian Association, and in the fall of '89 she was elected president. That fall she attended the Y. M. C. A. State Convention at Coldwater, and the Y. W. C. A. Convention at Ypsilanti. At these conventions she received what she calls her "awakening." She says, "Each of these conventions meant a great deal to me. My eyes were opened as never before, and I began to know the meaning of 'consecration.' As I think of myself before and after these meetings, it seems to me that before, my religious life had been a passive thing, after that it became active. It was the difference between seeking to do no harm and seeking to do positive good to others."

Her interest in the Y. W. C. A. work was deepened by her attendance each summer of her college life at the Workers' Conference at Lake Geneva, Wis., a gathering corresponding in nature to our Northfield Conferences in the east. Thus she was especially fitted to become State secretary to the Wisconsin Y. W. C. A., to which position she was called from Parker College in the fall of 1891. Her life has progressed in an interesting way. Almost every change has been a sudden one, and manifestly directed of God. She says, "When I was called to the State secretaryship of Wisconsin, it was after my school work for the year was well under way. I had no choice whether to go or stay at Parker. I only wished to be led of God, but did not think I could conscientiously leave without some efficient person in my place. Although it was a time of year when teachers were, as a rule, all employed, and it was a place which paid a very small salary for the kind of work required, Mr. Burgess and Mrs. Durgin and I prayed about it, and in a short time someone was found to take the place, and I went to my new field."

Of this Y. W. C. A. work Miss Caryl E. Olds of Beloit, Wis., writes as follows: "Miss Smith came to us in Wisconsin on the eve of a State convention.

She was new to the workers, to past work and to future plans. The Lord had kept away a number of the speakers that had been engaged, and Miss Smith was asked to preside over the convention. Her responsibilities were heavy, but the convention was a power from beginning to end spiritually, and many a girl received from her a strong impress that materially changed her life. Then we called her to become our State secretary. Here she had no easy field. There was need for long preparatory work, and work against many odds. The State force lacked organization and workers. Miss Smith had abundant opportunity for the exercise of her unusual business ability. You may know what the work of a State secretary is—visiting among the colleges, instructing the committees, organizing Bible classes, holding Gospel meetings, and, possibly most helpful of all, work with individuals. It is difficult to summarize her work in the cities. Great tact and penetration, wisdom and good judgment, executive power and dependence on God were not lacking. Long and patient and hard labor laid the foundation for the organized work that is still going on and increasing in usefulness. As Miss Smith traveled about the State, she ever held up to young women the reality and power of her inner life, or rather, through her own inner life, the possibilities before them. She impressed them with her strength, and none could fail to see its Source. Her work was strong and enduring. Many a young woman to-day blesses Shirley Smith for bringing her to a fuller life. As unbounded as is the influence of an educated Christian woman, so boundless is the ever-widening circle of the many college girls and others, into the current of whose lives she cast a pebble. One young woman I have in mind who was induced to give up her limited work and enter upon a work of great responsibility but infinite possibility. One day we may know more of the lives of those Miss Smith has touched, but certain it is that her work in Wisconsin was characterized by great faithfulness and devotion, and unusual strength and ability, alike in spiritual and in business lines. Those who have proved themselves able and consecrated in this country are the ones who are needed abroad, therefore India will receive another valuable worker if she goes, still confident in His strength."

THE VALUE OF MEDICAL MISSIONS.

[Extracts from a paper by George E. Post, M. D., Beirut, Syria. Read at the Ecumenical Conference and printed in the *Missionary Review of the World*.]

NOTHING is clearer in the story of Christ's life than the fact that human suffering appealed to his sympathy and stimulated him to the exercise of his power. He healed from the instinct of kindness, and made no previous conditions as to whether or not his sick folk would hear the Gospel. We believe that medical missions will have their full and legitimate influence only when they

follow the same order, and show forth the same spirit. Heal the sick and preach the Gospel to them by the act of healing a suffering brother, then tell him that Christ sent you because he loved him and yearned for the salvation of his body and his soul.

Medical missions are the natural and inevitable expression of Christianity ; that is, of the Golden Rule. It is the glory of Christianity that its author and finisher is the " Son of man," and that he lost no opportunity of showing his regard for the welfare of the bodies of men as well as their souls. He fed them, healed them, raised them from the dead. He took their form, bore their pain, and shared their temptations. His principles have emancipated man and woman, abolished polygamy and slavery, built innumerable hospitals, asylums, orphanages ; reclaimed the vicious and restored them to virtue. The humanity of Christianity, as much as its godliness, is capturing the hearts of men.

Medical missions are *the pioneers of evangelism*. They can be planted where no other branch of evangelical work is possible. They are founded on a need which is universal. The doctor, therefore, has welcome access to vast numbers who neither wish nor will have any intercourse with other missionaries. Some savages cannot be persuaded by a lifetime of effort to be decently clothed. Many can never be induced to sit on a stool. The desire for education, especially of girls, is often a very slow growth. Above all, a yearning for the higher spiritual life usually comes after long and patient training, and then only to a comparatively small number of those who hear the saving message of the Gospel. But from the moment that the doctor pitches his tent in an Arab encampment, or by an African kraal, or opens a dispensary in a Hindu village, or itinerates among the teeming multitudes in China, or opens a hospital in any of the cities of heathendom or Islam, he is besieged by applicants for his healing skill. Often those who have for their whole lifetime scoffed at Christ and spit upon his followers will beg, in the name and for the sake of Jesus, that the doctor would take pity on them, or their father or brother or child. A doctor may live in security among robbers and thugs. He can visit districts closed to all else. He is called to the inmost recesses of the harem and the zenana. He is a welcome guest in the houses of Jewish rabbis, of Mohammedan ulema, of Druse 'akkals, of Hindu and Buddhist priests. He is regarded as a guardian angel by the poor, and he stands as an equal before rulers and kings.

Medical missions are permanent agencies of evangelism. Were the offices of the doctor merely a bribe to induce men to listen to the Gospel, they would soon lose their power to draw men to Christ. Long after the work of preaching, printing, teaching, and civilizing has been firmly established, medical work should be continued. In many instances its form may advantageously be changed.

Instead of being pushed through the country by foreign doctors, schools of medicine may better be established, by means of which native men and women may be trained to carry forward the good work. Model hospitals and dispensaries are required to make possible the ripest results of modern science, and to give opportunity for prolonged instruction both in medical treatment and medical evangelism.

Medical missions break the power and destroy the prestige of the medicine men and witch doctors. They teach the true nature of disease and death, and their independence of the malignant spirits which are supposed to be their cause. They urge the use of the means which God has given to men to cure the one and ward off the other. The care and tenderness of the missionary doctor and nurse for the sick enhance the value of human life, and teach sympathy with suffering. Thus through beneficence to the body the doctor undermines the quackery which has so long crushed the soul, and unveils the face of a merciful God, who seeks to save both body and soul together from suffering and sin. . . .

It is not only among barbarians that quackery prevails in intimate association with superstition. The masses of Asia, notwithstanding the ethical principles of Brahmanism, Buddhism, and the other ethical religions, are sunk in a quagmire of bodily and spiritual quackery. The belief in the transmigration of human spirits into the bodies of animals emphasizes the kinship of man with the brutes, and tends to lower man to their level. If a child sickens in China, at first the parents may go to much trouble and expense to treat it. The quacks prescribe disgusting mixtures of ordure, punctures with hot needles into the joints and cavities of the body, searing with hot irons, the use of amulets, and charms. If the child gets well, the quack assumes all the credit. If he becomes worse, the parents are assured that he never was their child, and they lay him on the floor near the door, and pay no more attention to him until death relieves him of his sufferings. They then throw him into the street to be devoured by dogs, or picked up by the scavenger and thrown out on the garbage heap outside the town, to be carion for hyenas, jackals, and vultures. How different is it with the missionary physician! His potent medicines soothe pain, cool fever, assuage thirst, remove weakness, bring back health and vigor. His surgical operations restore sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, make the lame to walk, remove all manner of tumors, and repair all sorts of injuries. The power which works such wonders seems little short of miraculous to those accustomed to the crudities and cruelties of the native charlatans.

All the influence of medical work should be diligently utilized for the winning of souls to Christ. The ministry of healing has a motive and an end in itself, and to be effective as an evangelistic agency it must be unencumbered by

any conditions as to religious teaching. But the ministry of healing has also a motive and an end above itself, which raises it to the highest plane of Christian service. This motive and end are the saving of the soul from sin and death. There is a peculiar appropriateness in the association of bodily and spiritual healing. During sickness the soul is usually open to conviction of sin, and after the restoration to health, is often strongly moved by gratitude to God. The physician who has given his knowledge and strength to the sick man has a special right to speak to him on the state of his soul, and the patient will listen to him with a confidence and affection which he can have for no other man. If the doctor is filled with love for souls, and has the gift of utterance, he can never fail for illustrations to enforce his appeal. Even if he has the gift of healing, but not of teaching, his brother missionary stands upon the vantage ground won by the doctor's skill and devotion, from which to reach and capture the healed man for Christ. It may be safely said that no opportunity is more carefully used in mission work than that growing out of medical relief.

Missions of every Christian nation and all denominations have, by a common consent and an unerring instinct, established and developed medical work, and every year sees a wider extension of its sphere and usefulness. Worldly people, who look askance at other forms of mission work, applaud medical missions, and give of their substance to sustain them. Kings and rulers in Mohammedan and heathen lands have built hospitals, and given means for their endowment. Far out on the picket line of evangelism heroic men and women gather around them such crowds as collected on the pathways where Christ was wont to walk. Fearless of death, they grapple with cholera, plague, leprosy, smallpox, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and other contagious diseases. In the tainted atmosphere of the dispensary they toil on hour after hour to relieve the mass of misery. They go late to sleep, and often rise a great while before day, to watch the crisis of disease and operations. They remain in sultry, fever-stricken cities of the coast during the long tropical summers, if haply they may save some of God's poor. They travel under the burning sun, or through blinding storms to reach new centers, and open up the way for a farther extension of the work. The church which sends them knows the value of that work. The sick whom they cure have given proof of it. He who maintains them in all their arduous labors will say to them, "I was sick and ye visited Me Forasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

LABOR carries its own crown, and the great King who presides over all the busy affairs of life assigns his servants their rank by their cheerful fidelity to whatever bit of service he appoints.—*World's Crisis.*

NEW HAMPTON MISSIONARY REMINISCENCES.*

BY ELLA R. MERROW.

IN 1833 I find the first report of the Ladies' Literary and Missionary Association of New Hampton Female Seminary. This seminary was located at that time on the side of the hill north of our present cemetery. Later the building was moved to the present site of Chapel Hall. Here the germs of missionary spirit were planted and nourished under the teachings of Miss Martha Hazelton.

From a later report of the association we read that Miss Sara Sleeper, so long known as principal of the seminary and corresponding secretary of the society, was married in 1847 to Rev. J. T. Jones, missionary of Bangkok, Siam. Thenceforth her life was given to teaching the Siamese. Miss Sleeper is remembered as a remarkable woman.

In 1854 Mrs. Rev. Jeremiah Phillips, accompanied by a Hindu boy eighteen years of age, named "Dula," and by her family of eight children, arrived from India and settled in New Hampton. Mr. Phillips continued at his labors in India alone, but his health became so impaired that it was necessary for him to leave. He arrived in Boston, June 4, 1855, and was soon with his family in New Hampton.

The names of the Phillips family are familiar to all our people who are acquainted with the mission work in India. It will be recalled that Jeremiah Phillips and Eli Noyes and their wives sailed from Boston, September, 1835, and became the founders of the Free Baptist Mission in India.

Only a few days ago it was our privilege to meet at Bro. Bacheler's Mrs. Dr. Burkholder, formerly Julia Phillips, who had just arrived from India in company with Dr. Mary Bacheler. It was a rare pleasure to sit by her, to look into her face and listen to her converse. She had just visited the Ecumenical Conference of Missions, then in session in New York City.

It was with much enthusiasm that she told us that of all the women who were introduced to the conference, none talked so well, none moved the vast assembly so powerfully, as a little Bengali woman, Lilavati Singh. Then she told us of meeting her at the college in Lucknow, India, and of her great perseverance in studying the English language. She read the history of England through seven times, that she might acquire good English. We also talked of Chandra Lela, of whom you have heard. The story of her life as written by Mrs. Lee was very satisfactory, as far as it went, but Mrs. Burkholder would have liked to have her go on and give the development of her character.

* Prepared for the Woman's Missionary Society of the Sandwich Free Baptist Association which convened at New Hampton, May 16, 1900. The closing poem was written for the occasion by Mrs. Augusta C. Seavey.

Dr. James L. Phillips, son of Rev. Jeremiah Phillips and half-brother of Mrs. Burkholder, was a student in New Hampton. He married Mary R. Sayles, a graduate of New Hampton Institution. They sailed as missionaries to India in December, 1865.

Dr. O. R. Bacheler sailed for India under the Free Baptists in 1838. He returned to America in 1852, and, soon after, settled in New Hampton. This has been their haven, when in this country, ever since. Two of their children, Harry and Mary, followed the vocation of father and mother. Dr. Harry Bacheler's first foreign mission work was in Africa, sent out by the Presbyterians. Later he went to India under the Free Baptists, and there the death-angel came. He is buried in India; died in the midst of service, only a few feet from the spot where he was born. His wife Eliza Bacheler, and their four children, returned to this country with Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler. She lived here a few years and endeared herself to us all; a strong and noble woman full of good works.

Dr. Mary Bacheler's early life was spent in India, where she became very familiar with the language. She was here in New Hampton, during the furlough of Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler, and attended the village school, also the Institute.

On her father's last passage to India, she remained in this country, taking the long-coveted opportunity for procuring a medical education. She graduated from the "Woman's Medical College" of New York in 1890. A few months later, she returned to India and was associated with her father in medical work, until when in failing health he returned to America in 1892, and left to her the inheritance of his practice and dispensary, where more than three thousand patients are treated annually.

After nine years of arduous labor, her health giving way, a trip home was considered imperative. She has improved perceptibly during the two months' voyage, and it is our prayer and hope that New Hampshire's invigorating climate will restore her fully to health and usefulness.

In 1873 the Free Baptist W. M. S. was organized. Mrs. Arcy Cary Hayes, Lewiston, Me., should be given the credit for the first efforts in this direction.

In 1878 Julia Phillips commenced her work among the churches. She visited New Hampton February, 1878, and organized the Woman's Missionary Society of the New Hampton Free Baptist church. There are forty-two names recorded as members, with the following officers: President, Miss Melissa Gordon; vice-president, Miss Nellie Evans; corresponding secretary, Miss Lizzie Blake; recording secretary, Miss Abbie Gordon; magazine agent, Miss Nellie Evans.

Miss Abbie Gordon, now the wife of Rev. Mr. Farrell of Meredith Center, secured those forty-two names. Rev. C. E. Blake was pastor at the time. Four names of that first list were members last year.

Melissa Gordon Blake, the first president, was a faithful member till her death last October. Mrs. M. J. Hayes, whose name was on that list, is with us in memory. Her membership dues are paid regularly by her daughter, Mrs. Albert Bacheler. During the twenty-two years life of this society the following sisters have served as presidents: Miss Melissa Gordon, Mrs. O. R. Bacheler, Mrs. Mary Scribner, Mrs. E. E. Avery; Mrs. Bacheler serving at three periods. She has been the president the past year. We wish to express our hearty appreciation of her untiring zeal and faithful work with us.

Miss Ella M. Butts, one of those first members, was the recording secretary from 1879 to 1884. In 1886 she left the position of principal of New Hampton Institution and sailed for India. Many hearts were torn at the parting with this faithful teacher, but the mission cause received an impetus. Friends paid their money, and shares were taken by the New Hampton auxiliaries to defray her expenses and salary. I need not reiterate her praises here. She has done valiant work at home and in her chosen field of labor.

Our former pastor, Rev. F. D. George, and his wife hold a dear place in memory's chamber. Mr. George and wife were three years missionaries in India in the Free Baptist field, but the ill health of Mrs. George compelled their return. Mrs. George died in New Hampton, a member of our society. A delightful chat with her is fresh in my mind. Sitting on the broad veranda of her cottage, looking on to a beautiful body of water, she told me of her ascent of one of Himalayas high peaks and of the broad, expansive view, for miles and miles, of villages, townships, and rivers; their winding courses looking like so many threads, and all these in heathendom.

Since the commencement of this article our dear president, Mrs. O. R. Bacheler, has been called to her labors above, where there will be no more sorrow and no more pain. Her work on earth is over, but eternity alone can estimate the value of her influence. We have looked to her for counsel and for guidance, in these last days. As we remember her we shall feel an aching void, and yet we have reason for gratitude.

We thank thee, Lord, and yet our hearts are sad
Since thou hast taken our leader, friend, away.
We, being earthly, mourn, but she is glad!
For this we thank thee, blessed Lord, to-day.

She who for eighty years had lived for thee,—
She who lay yesterday among the flowers
That loving hands wreathed o'er her lavishly,—
We thank thee, Lord, that she was ever ours.

We thank thee that among us here she wrought,
Striving to others' needs to minister;
That all her service, small or great, was fraught
With joy, and was not sacrifice to her.

We thank thee for the years when o'er the seas
 She joyed to toil for souls, nor sought renown;
 We thank thee that she came to spend, in peace,
 Her last sweet days here in our little town.

We think of one who traversed leagues of space,
 Speeding from India's shore with longing great
 To see once more her father's, mother's face,—
 We thank thee, Lord, that it was not too late!

We thank thee that the husband's lonely heart,
 Even in this dark hour, is stayed on thee,
 That only a brief space they'll walk apart,
 Then he will greet her o'er the jasper sea.

For all the mercies of her life and death
 We thank thee, Lord,—and yet our hearts are sad.
 Grant us to join her at our last, low breath,
 To thank thee there, with hearts forever glad.

THE ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE.

II.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE WOMAN'S MEETINGS.

IMPRESSIONS of most gatherings must be given in the white heat of their influence. To-day is full of their inspiration. To-morrow will be filled with new thought, new work. Already, perhaps, we have assimilated the ideas and enthusiasm and are no longer conscious of their direct influence. But the Ecumenical Conference is a growing power, not only in the individual life, but also in the great life of the world, which must materialize, year by year, in a more harmonious, compelling, spiritualized service.

In the attempt to give a few impressions of the woman's meetings, there is an embarrassment of riches. Where to begin and where to end are the most difficult questions.

At first one was impressed by the character of the assemblage. It was fascinating to watch so many women together. They formed a good-natured company with very little of the self-seeking spirit, or thought of mine and thine. There were absolutely no distinctions of color, race, or position; and denominational lines were not drawn. The college president, missionary, colored woman, Salvation Army lassie, native of India, China or Japan, Baptist and Episcopalian, woman of wealth and culture, and woman of little learning and less cash, the woman richly dressed, who represented millions, and the very plainly attired shop girl—these, and others, sat side by side with many little exchanges of courtesy. Where love is, there is freedom. It was good to be there. The sexton of one of the large churches said that he never saw so many beautiful women together before. Perhaps he was conscious of the beauty of the spirit-filled life and the reflected Christ as he looked over that sea of faces, many of which had imperfect contours, but all were alight with enthusiasm.

The speakers could not fail to impress anyone with their lack of self-consciousness. They seemed wholly devoid of any attempt at fine rhetoric or elocution, while the results were far more effective than either could have made them. The carefully-prepared papers presented clearly and concisely such phases of the subject under discussion as they were asked to present. The missionaries and other speakers, made impassioned appeals that went swiftly from heart to heart, and the personality of these consecrated workers, whom we had longed to see, impressed us even more forcibly than their written words had done.

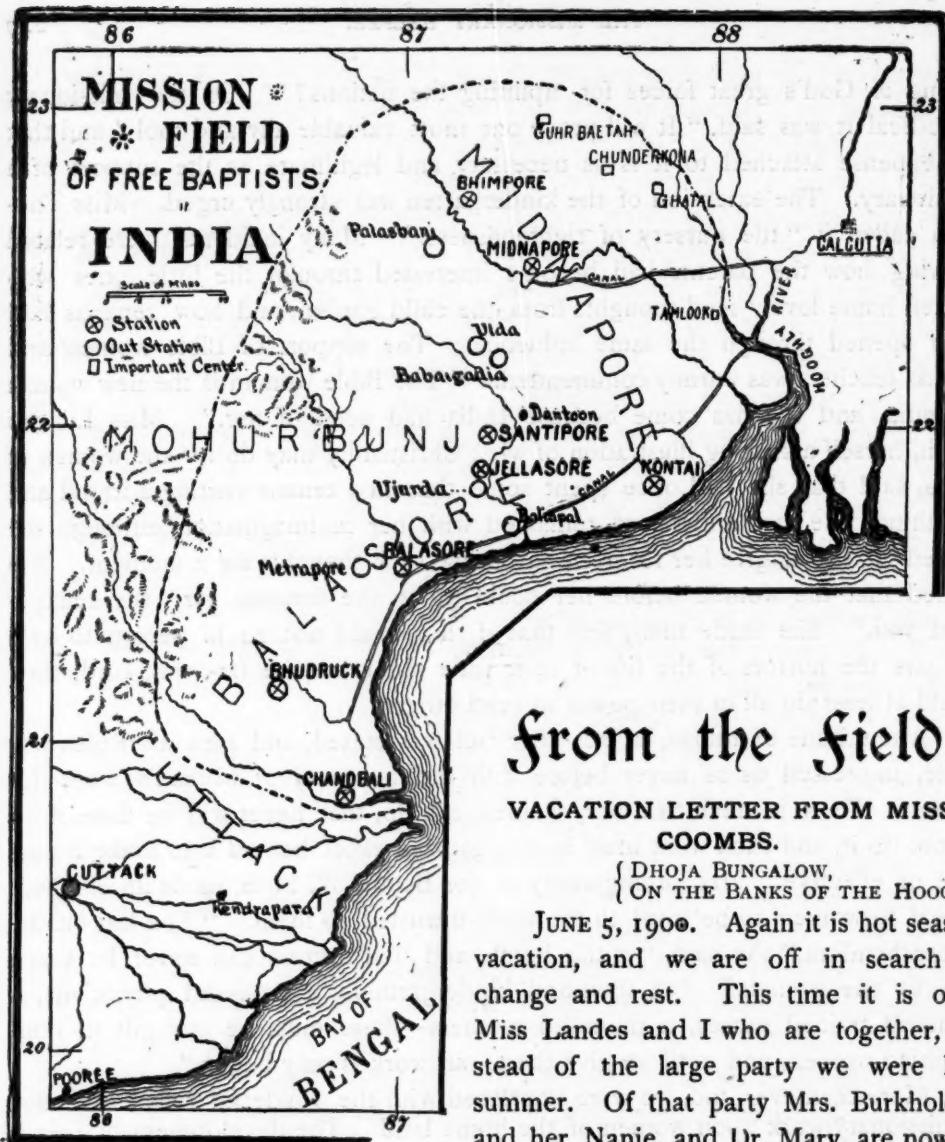
The women *picked up the stitches*, as women will. At each sectional meeting, on Tuesday, so full of thoughts of practical value, one woman had been appointed to prepare a brief *resume* of the papers and addresses to present at a later meeting. The definite suggestions for the future contained therein were presented in the form of resolutions upon which the audience could express an opinion, for or against, by rising. Although it was merely an expression of opinion, it served to fix the idea in mind, and to discover the general feeling regarding it. One of the suggestions, which we believe will be most beneficial and far reaching in results, was for an interdenominational course of mission study to be utilized by all women's societies at the same time. Three outline courses were presented, which had been very carefully prepared by a special committee of workers representing different denominations: 1st, Missions from Apostolic Times. 2d, An Outline Study of India. 3d, The Condition of Women in China. It is hoped that the world's committee will have these studies in readiness for 1902. The plan is similar to that of the Interdenominational Sunday-school lessons. The course will take seven months of each year for three years, leaving several months for denominational studies, or special meetings, if desired. An outline for a thank-offering program was also presented, and the power for good, to the individual and the organization, of this beautiful service was emphasized.

After all, it is the seed-thoughts which we long to pass on to the home-staying ones. When you think, in your little village or small auxiliary, that your work is so limited that it does not count, take hope and courage with the thought of the great army of workers to which you belong, of the noble work you are doing all together, and that each part is important to the whole. It was said, "We have an army of one million five hundred thousand women, constituting the greatest international woman's club of the world. An army of nearly a million children whom we are teaching and training to love this work which came from the Christ who loved little children." One speaker quoted the remark of a poor woman in a remote hamlet, "When I have given my gift for foreign missions I am conscious that I am no longer simply a part of this little town, I

belong to God's great forces for uplifting the nations!" Of the missionary periodical it was said, "It will prove our most valuable ally and tool" and that the expense attached to it is as necessary and legitimate as the support of a missionary. The extension of the kindergarten was strongly urged. Miss Thoburn called it "the nursery of righteousness." Many incidents were related showing how the parents had become interested through the little ones who carried home lovely seed-thoughts from the child garden, and how zenanas had been opened through the same influence. The support of Bible women and zenana teachers was warmly commended. "The Bible woman is the new woman of India, and she has come because India had need of her." Miss Lilavati Singh, herself a striking illustration of what Christianity may do for the women of India, said that she had once spent some time in a zenana visiting a friend and the things she saw and heard remained with her in imagination, although she prayed God to forgive her for even harboring such thoughts for a moment. She wished that the women before her could go to the zenanas, for "the zenanas need you." She made many feel that if they could not go in person to help mitigate the horrors of the life of their little sisters in the far-away land, they would at least do all in their power to send others.

A multitude of things, as fact after fact was stated, and plea after plea was made, impressed us as never before with the necessity of woman's work for women. There is much that only women can do, that never will be done if we do not do it, and such work must have organized effort behind it to make it possible or effective. Mrs. Montgomery of the Baptist W. M. S. made an eloquent appeal to women to be loyal to the work intrusted to them. "The last citadel of heathendom," she said, "is the home, and that fortress can never be taken save by the women." "A thousand kindergartners, a thousand physicians, a thousand trained nurses, a thousand mothers—these must be our gift to non-Christian women, and until we give them, our work is only begun."

More than ever, too, we were impressed with the wonderful reflex influence of missionary work upon women of the home land. The development of executive ability, wider outlook, sense of sisterhood, and of world-wide human relation, that have come to women through such work are amazing, to say nothing of its influence upon the home and in the church. As we look forward to an increasing growth and usefulness in the coming years, we feel distinctly sorry for those who through lack of knowledge or appreciation are "not interested in missions," and so fail to become allied with this onsweping force. Miss Child, who had more to do than any other one woman with the success of these meetings, wrote in the farewell bulletin, "A fresh fire has been kindled within us, and it is our purpose to send living coals to every one of our woman's missionary societies, and to the other thousands of apathetic women who have no idea of the blessing they might receive in such a work."



from the field.

VACATION LETTER FROM MISS COOMBS.

{ DHOJA BUNGALOW,
ON THE BANKS OF THE HOOGLY.

JUNE 5, 1900. Again it is hot season vacation, and we are off in search of change and rest. This time it is only Miss Landes and I who are together, instead of the large party we were last summer. Of that party Mrs. Burkholder and her Nanie, and Dr. Mary, are now in the home land, and the other one, Dr.

Nellie, is in Calcutta in hospital. We have been saddened, while here; to hear from Dr. Mary that she, too, was obliged to go to hospital after reaching home. This Indian malaria once in the system is not easily routed, but this must have been a sore disappointment to her and her parents, who had looked forward so eagerly to her return. We can only pray and hope that her stay in hospital was not long, and that by this time they are together again.

This bungalow to which we have come this year is about thirty miles down the river from Calcutta and situated on the west bank, where the winds from the bay have full sweep and give us the advantage of their saltiness, but we have not had the baths we got last year, for this river is so dirty one would not care to

venture in it. We are away off from the rest of the world, and yet in touch with it because of the steamers, big and little, that go up and down with more or less of bluster ; and because of the smaller boats of all sizes and descriptions that go back and forth according to the tide. These remind us of the busy, restless world from which, for the time, we seem to have become utterly separated.

And yet there is a primitive world right around us. Its inhabitants come and sit on the steps of the bungalow and watch us at our various duties, peer through our venetians when we lie down at noon, wonder why we are here, and whisper among themselves as to our clothes and manner of eating, etc. At first we were too lifeless and *snailish* to pay much attention to them ; but gradually, as something of vigor has come to us, we have come out of our shells and had conversations with them, sung to them, read the Bible and explained, till now, for several days, we have had a regular congregation of men, women, and children each afternoon, who sit quietly and listen earnestly to this "old, old story" which to the most of them is entirely new. We have found a few who could read, and have sold portions of Scripture and collections of hymns to quite a number. Those who have bought have not always been able to read themselves, but would say that "my brother," or "my boy," or some other relative could read, and they would get them to read for them.

The ability of these people to live in defiance of every law of health is something marvelous. There's not a well to be found in this section of the country, indeed there were but few who knew what we meant when we began to inquire for a well. One was proud to be able to say, "Oh, yes, I know what you mean, a hole in the ground with stones round it, and you put a dish down into it and bring water up." Their water supply is all from the tanks in which the water stands from one year to another, and in which they bathe, wash their clothes and their dishes, and from which, too, they get their drinking water and that for cooking purposes.

We had brought a small supply of drinking water and when we found there was none to be had about here, except from these tanks, we sent off twelve miles for a supply. That, too, was tank water, but from a "reserved tank," that is, one in which no one is allowed to bathe or wash their clothes or dishes. Of course we boil and cool this before drinking.

June 11, Midnapore. We are home again a little earlier than we expected, but we had various reasons, the principal one of which was that the wind died out utterly and it was so close and smothery we hurried away. We found Midnapore passing through a hot wave, and last evening at ten o'clock the thermometer in the sitting-room stood at ninety-two degrees, and not breeze enough all night to stir a leaf. We hope, however, that that was the last of the hot season, for to-night there is a quiet rain falling and a delightful breeze, and we trust the rainy season is beginning. That same thermometer, however, doesn't say that there is much difference, for it is now eighty-eight degrees.

To-day has been a regular Fourth of July in Midnapore. Processions, bands (native), flags, banners, gay costumes, big crowds, and a lot of noise, to show their loyalty to their queen, and their rejoicing at the victory of the British in entering Pretoria. Surely, there is cause for rejoicing if this means that the end of the war is nearing.

Dr. Klopsch has come and gone, after a hurried tour through the famine-smitten districts, and he will have thrilling stories to tell of the scenes through which he passed. He was received with honors by government officials, and expressions of gratitude for his generous efforts met him everywhere. America has done magnificently in sending help at this time of fearful need, but she could easily do it. She will be none the poorer, will live none the less luxuriously, and her liquor and tobacco bill will be none the less. I have been proud of our own "*Morning Star fund*" and could hardly believe it possible when a cablegram brought the good news of ten thousand rupees to be distributed among the afflicted, and we almost feared a mistake had been made in the ciphers! I have been led to moralize over the fact that this appeal for the rescue of suffering and dying *bodies* has met with such a hearty and generous response, while appeals for the needs of these same *souls* are comparatively unheeded and the money to carry on our regular work comes so hard!

June 12. A bit of brightness comes in the news that Mrs. J. L. Phillips is coming to us again. It is delightful to have one come who can at once "take hold." No language to learn, no new ways of the country to become accustomed to, but one who will count it like coming to her old home.

Dr. Nellie Phillips is back from Calcutta to her home in Santipore not essentially benefited, but taking the condition of her health most philosophically.

L. C. COOMBS.

TREASURER'S NOTES.

THE beautiful month of June has come and gone, and midsummer is almost here. But so long as I hear the ocean lazily lapping the shore, I know the heat will not severely intrude itself upon me.

The thank-offering stands, to date, as follows: Maine, \$338.92; New Hampshire, \$270.58; Rhode Island, \$116.42; Minnesota, \$104.49; Massachusetts, \$72.43; Michigan, \$49.23; Iowa, \$34.58; Vermont, \$31.42; Nebraska, \$16.25; West Virginia, \$14.50; Indiana, \$5; California, \$5; New York, \$4.50. Total \$1063.32. I think, when all the gifts are reported, the total will equal last year's. Certainly the interest in the thank-offering is not diminishing.

All the way from Nebraska comes \$10 from an old lady, as a thank-offering. She says, "Money is scarce, but I will divide as long as I have any." The auxiliary of the First F. B. church of Minneapolis says, "Our appropriation was \$50, and we expect to pay in full, aside from \$25," which was given by a person for the support of a zenana teacher. I am very glad the Minneapolis auxiliary takes the position that special gifts, in large sums, should not be used on apportionments. Other churches do the same way, one being the Hills H. and F. M. Society of Dover, N. H. I call special attention to this fact because it involves a vital point in missionary work, which is that gifts of say \$10, \$15, or \$25, by one person, ought to increase the contributions to missionary work just so much. But when such gifts are used on a local apportionment it generally means that one person pays what ten or fifteen or twenty-five persons ought to pay, thus relieving others of personal responsibility, and lessening the local interest. I hope I have made this point plain, as I know we do not want to cripple missionary work through the generosity of a few people.

Miss Sarah J. Hunt of Gilford Village, N. H., a long time friend of the F. B. W. M. S., went home May 12. She was a patient of our Dr. Wiley of Laconia, and twice she has taken me, on her professional visits, to see Miss Hunt. I have never left her without a contribution for our work. When she died she left a will, in which she bequeathed \$250 to the society, and the executor, her nephew, has very promptly paid the money into our treasury.

The young people's union of Rhode Island is loyal to the kindergarten work, recently sending a contribution. The Ecumenical Conference emphasized the importance of kindergarten work. I hope we shall yet have in Balasore a training school, for the purpose of providing kindergarten teachers for other parts of our field. It is a good way of utilizing native workers. But it will take more money. The auxiliary of Cape Elizabeth, Me., is setting a worthy example in this direction by proposing to assist in the education of its native teacher, and, at the same time, paying its yearly sum for a substitute teacher, while she is getting her education in kindergarten work.

We welcome, this month, to our Roll of Honor, the Junior C. E. of Pascoag, R. I., and the S. S. of Bridgewater, Me.

The New Hampshire Woman's Missionary Society had a very pleasant and profitable session. It took the initiative in a work which will, I trust, find imitators. The society will send its annual letters, with a copy of the leaflet, "How to Organize," which the F. B. W. M. S. is to furnish gratuitously, to a woman in each F. B. church in the State, the aim being to secure more auxiliaries. I wish 1901 might open a campaign of this kind all along the line. The whole denominational work needs, as a helpmate, a live, consecrated Woman's Society in all our churches. I regret to learn that the faithful treasurer of New Hampshire, Mrs. Scribner, has resigned, for she is known throughout the State and is liked. The newly elected treasurer, Mrs. M. F. Jordan, Laconia, N. H., is interested in the work, and ought to have the loyal support of the auxiliaries. This means that all money should be sent to the treasurers of quarterly meetings or associations, and thence to Mrs. Jordan. I trust auxiliaries will take note of this fact.

The following, from a friend, does a treasurer's heart good: "Should you be especially pressed to meet our obligations, *speak out!*" But our Father has given the Woman's Society so many friends this year, that the only way your treasurer needs to "speak out" is to ask everybody to fulfil obligations now pending, and all bills will be met. This reminds me that this is the last appeal I can make, through the MISSIONARY HELPER, during our financial year of 1900, as it closes with Aug. 31. How swiftly our years go by! We are bidding good-bye to an old century, and I hope it will be in good fashion! Which means, if we are, that State apportionments will be met, local dues paid, personal obligations cancelled, and the closing month of August be full of good cheer in the way of a full treasury, and some State the happy recipient of the necklace, because it has contributed a little more than it did last year. Then we can turn toward 1901 with hope and courage, and, I trust, there will be added a renewed consecration to the will of God with us, in making us of use in bringing back the world unto himself.

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treasurer.*

Ocean Park, Me.

Helps for Monthly Meetings.

TOPICS FOR 1900.

- January—Review of '99. Outlook.
- February—Prayer and Praise.
- March—Home Mission Work.
- April—Our Corner of India.
- May—Thank-Offering.
- June—The Children.
- July—Some of Our Native Workers.
- August—Auxiliary Outing. Missionary Seed-Sowing for Hot Weather.
- September—Medical Missions. Our New Missionary.
- October—Roll-call and Membership Meeting.
- November—Denominational Review.
- December—Christian Missions and Social Progress.

SEPTEMBER.—MEDICAL MISSIONS. OUR NEW MISSIONARY.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

Singing, "My Faith Looks up to Thee."

Bible reading, Faith—Basis for Missions.

This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. 1 John 5 : 4, 5.

Leader.—How does salvation come?

Responses.—1 John 1 : 9 ; Jas. 1 : 6, 7 ; Eph. 2 : 8.

Leader.—Some testimonies of Jesus concerning faith.

Responses.—Matt. 15 : 28 ; 17 : 20 ; Mark 11 : 22-24 ; Luke 17 : 5, 6.

Leader.—Give the names of the rungs of the ladder that is built upon faith.

Response.—2 Pet. 1 : 5-8.

Leader.—Evidence that faith in Christ brings repentance and the baptism of the Holy Ghost to the heathen world.

Response.—Acts 11 : 15-18.

Leader.—A message of joy for our converts.

Response.—Col. 1 : 21-23.

Leader.—Encouragements for our missionaries.

Responses.—Heb. 6 : 10-15 ; 10 : 36-39.—*The Christian Missionary.*

Singing, "The Great Physician."

Scripture readings, Luke 4 : 17, 18 ; Matt. 9 : 35-38 ; Luke 9 : 6.

Prayer for the world-wide work of healing soul and body, and for the spiritual and physical strength of medical missionaries in every field.

(Remember by name Dr. O. R. Bacheler and Dr. Mary Bacheler, at home ; and Drs. Burkholder, Kennan, and Nellie Phillips, in India.)

Brief items of interest regarding medical missions in many lands. By members.

Paper, The Value of Medical Missions.

Reading, "The Master's Touch."

Biographical sketch, "Our New Missionary, Dr. Shirley Holmes Smith."

Prayer that God will especially guard and guide her on the voyage, in her new home in India, and day by day in her work.

Singing, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

Practical Christian Living.

Practical Christian living is "to condense and crystallize into the uses of daily life the teachings of Christ."



THE STILL HOUR.

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY DAY.

A heart full of thankfulness,
A thimbleful of care;
A soul of simple hopefulness,
An early morning prayer;
A smile to greet the morning with,
A kind word as the key
To open the door and greet the day,
Whate'er it bring to thee;
A patient trust in Providence,
To sweeten all the way;—
All these, combined with thoughtfulness,
Will make a happy day.

—*Arthur Lewis Tubbs.*

HAPPINESS MAKES HAPPINESS.

A WOMAN who had many sorrows and heavy burdens to bear, but who was noted for her cheerful spirits, once said in explanation: "You know I have had no money. I had nothing to give but myself; and so I made the resolution that I would never sadden anyone else with my troubles. I have laughed and told jokes when I could have wept. I have always smiled in the face of every misfortune. I have tried never to let anyone go from my presence without a happy word or a bright thought to carry with him. And happiness makes happiness. I myself am happier than I would have been had I sat down and bemoaned my fate."—*Wellspring.*

THE FOOTPATH TO PEACE.

To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but **not** contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's, except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and **every** day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors . . . these are little guide-posts on the footpath to peace.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

The Missionary Helper Branch of the International Sunshine Society.

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears,
Pass it on.

Society motto, "Good Cheer." Colors, yellow and white. Society song, "Scatter Sunshine. Flower, Coreopsis.

TWO BOXES.

If I knew the box where the smiles were kept,
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard—
'Twould open, I know, for me;
Then over the land and sea, broadcast,
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them, every one,
From nursery, school, and street;
Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them in
And, turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

—Exchange.

The above poem is sent with the wish that all I. S. S. members hunt for and find the two boxes.

INTERNATIONAL GOOD NEWS.

Members of the MISSIONARY HELPER Branch will be pleased to learn that five acres of land have been given to the International Sunshine Society by the Byram Cove Land Company, through Mr. Henry A. R. Boyer of New York. This property is on the shore of Lake Hopatcong, N. J., and is given as a camping ground to be known as the "Sunshine Camp." Arrangements are being made with the company and the railroad for excursion rates to all sunshine members. Although the gift is to the International, each branch has a part in it, and it is hoped that some members of our branch will avail themselves of this unusual opportunity to enjoy the pleasures afforded by both land and water of Sunshine Camp.

Greetings have been received from Marietta Holly (Josiah Allen's wife) wishing the I. S. S. all success. She reports having adopted a child, and is going to call the little one her "Sunshine daughter." Miss Holly is a practical sunshiner.

BRANCH NOTES.

Mrs. Lucy A. Hill, who has been an active worker in our society since her initiation, and is constantly sending out sunshine rays in letter form, has sent twenty-five cents with the words, "I know you will have many expenses in the work, and I want you to have enough to pay the postage." The president wishes to thank Mrs. Hill for her thoughtfulness.

Mrs. A. A. McKenney, another of our good workers, has left her home in Minnesota and is spending the summer with friends. Her address for a few months will be Poynette, Wis.; will her sunshine correspondents please note the change.

Mr. George V. Bath, 70 South Euclid Ave., Pasadena, Cal., has recently joined the I. S. S. He is a young man deprived of many of this world's pleasures, being stone deaf since three years of age (a shut-out). The president asks that many letters of welcome into our sunshine family be sent him by members of this branch.

A YEAR OF SUNSHINE FOR INDIA.

The work of the sunshine bags (see June HELPER) is making rapid progress, the following societies having written their intention of helping in this part of our work: the C. E. Society of St. John, West, New Brunswick; Young Ladies of the Rochester, N. H., F. B. church; the Y. P. Society of Dover, N. H.; the Dorcas Smith Memorial Circle Kings Daughters of Portland, Me., through Miss Marion McGunigle, secretary; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Demeritt have also kindly offered to send a sunshine bag to our faithful worker, Rachel Das.

AUNT FAITH'S BEQUEATHMENT.

II.

And the next day they went together—in the early evening, because Philip said that O'Biddy would be out washing till then.

They found her at home in her bit of a neat shanty. She must have been washing at home, for the room was full of a sudsy, steamy smell, and the whole little yard was strung with lines of wet linen.

"An' is it yesilf, Miss Rachel, an' the little bye?" she cried, cordially. "I'll jist be drivin' the children out, so there'll be room for yez to come in. Childer, childer, out wid yez, ivery wan! Don't you be seein' the leddy an' little bye is waitin' fer a chance to get in? Arrah, out wid yez!"

A little scurry of children, and then Rachel and Philip went in. Philip held out a cluster of sweet, moist roses.

"They're for you, O'Biddy, because it's your birthday, you know. You wrote your name in Aunt Faith's book, an' we found it out just in time. Wasn't that lucky? They're La France roses."

He was putting them into the big, reddened fingers—they closed around the wet stems mechanically. But O'Biddy did not speak. She gazed from the roses to the little pale face of the crippled boy, and then back again. Her eyes were big with astonishment. All at once she broke into a low, sobbing wail, and rocked herself to and fro.

"Oh, don't you like them?" Philip cried in distress. "They smell so sweet! We—we thought you'd like them better than—than soap an' things"—

"Loike them, is it?" the poor woman cried, and through her tears her face shone radiant. "It's roight out of heaven they're dhropped! An' to think they dhropped into *my* hand! To think they're mine!" She was holding them against her breast. "I niver had a birthday prisen before—nor nayther a rose," she added quietly. "An' shure an' I can't be findin' worruds to thank yez"—

"Oh, don't, please don't!" cried Rachel. Her own eyes were wet. She laid the few other gifts they had brought on the table, and she and Philip stole away. The "childer" out in the yard hurried in, and Rachel caught a glimpse of them smelling the beautiful roses by turns.

"She never had a birthday before," Rachel's thoughts were running, "and she's forty-nine years old. And she never had a rose before!"

That night she opened Aunt Faith's book again. She was wondering whose birthday came next.

"Miss Hitty's," she said aloud. "Hers comes next. I wonder if she ever had a birthday—why, of course, heaps of them, when she was rich! And so," she added slowly, "she must miss them more now. She must miss the roses"—

Rachel Ainsworthy's eyes shone. A little quiver crept round her mouth.

"We will give Miss Hitty a birthday, Philip and I," she cried. "It comes in three weeks, but we will go and see her first, to get acquainted. It would embarrass Miss Hitty to take the roses first."

And so, one afternoon, they called on Miss Hitty at the Home. She met them with quiet, old-fashioned courtesy. Her lonely old face lighted up with keen delight.

"You don't know how good it seems to have somebody call on me, my dears!" she cried softly. "I have been so lonesome since Miss Faith went away. I used to have a great many friends." She let her eyes dwell for a minute on the tiny bunch of violets at Rachel's belt.

"No, no!" she exclaimed, as the girl made a motion to take them out. "Just let me look at them, that's all. I don't see flowers very often. I am very fond of them. Do you know, I hope the mansions He has gone to prepare will be covered over with climbing roses, and there will be little blue violets in the yards. I like to think so."

Philip smiled brightly.

"Oh, yes'm," he said. "So do I hope so. An' I guess there will be, sure—don't you?"

Rachel hurried to change the subject. It hurt her to have Philip talk about heaven. It seemed such a little distance away from him.

The call was a very pleasant one, and the beginning of many more. In their midst came the birthday call and the roses.

The long, hot summer wore away. The working people worked on bravely through it, and the others went away to the sea or the cool mountains—all but those who stayed with little Philip.

After Miss Hitty's birthday came the "See-saw Man's," in Aunt Faith's little book. The See-saw Man's was in July. He was working for Mr. Ainsworthy then, and the birthday call was in the back yard. Philip arranged everything.

"You see, it's your birthday, Mr. Hickett," he said gravely, "and so you musn't work this afternoon. You see, you put your name in Aunt Faith's birthday-book, and that is how we knew it. July is such a nice time for a birthday—don't you think so? We've got a birthday party all ready in the summer-house, where it's cool. You can sit right there and rest. You can go to sleep just as well as not." And he led the way to the shady little summer-house.

The old man followed in astonished silence. The thought of rest was too delightful to believe. His rugged old face was shiny with perspiration, and his lean old frame tottered with weariness.

"You—you mustn't worry," began Philip a little anxiously—it was such a

delicate subject. "You'll have just the same money for resting, you know. Folks don't work on their birthdays, but their—their salaries go right on just the same."

Rest and coolness—and the "salary" going right on! It was hardly to be credited—but the See-saw Man was acquainted with Philip, so he knew it must be so.

In the little arbor Rachel had set out cooling drinks of shrub and a great vase of gay flowers. She had brought out cushions, too, for one of the benches. To old Timothy Hickett the shady place was like a little cozy corner of heaven. He entered it on tiptoe, as if it were holy ground. And there they left him to spend his first "birthday" and take the first rest in his long, hard, dreary life alone.

Aunt Faith came home in mid-August. In Rachel's room the first afternoon they had one of their "communings together," as Rachel liked to call them. Philip was there, too.

"Well, dearie, how did you like it?" Aunt Faith asked.

"The bequeathment, Auntie? Why, first I put on gloves to touch it, then I laughed at it, and then"—

"And then, dearie?"

But Rachel did not finish.

"Tell me, Philip," said Aunt Faith. "And then—what did she do?"

"She 'dopted it, Auntie—went round makin' the birthdays in it, you know. That's what Ray did."

"Oh, no, Philip, not half of them—yet," cried Rachel, a glow settling over her cheeks and neck. "And, Auntie, it was Philip himself who began it—so there!"

"It isn't so much who began it, dears," laughed Aunt Faith, "as who's going to finish it." She waited, looking at them out of her clear gray eyes for the answer.

"Ray is," little Philip said softly.

"Philip is," said Rachel.—*Wellspring.*

THE healthiest thing men can do is to obey God. And the best health treatise is the Law of Moses. It is natural for man to be well.. A good machinist makes machines which keep in order; and the Lord who made man is not glorified by his needless miseries, and pains, and infirmities which he brings upon himself by disobedience to the laws of his nature and the precepts given of God, but rather by the health and strength and happiness which comes to those who walk in wisdom's ways of pleasantness and paths of peace.—*The Safeguard.*

Words from Home Workers.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Dear **HELPER** Sisters: Did I hear some one say, "New Hampshire is conservative—is slow"? Perhaps. Her grand old mountain scenery is the same, her granite hills are unmoved by the storms of the centuries, and the old sign hangs out over Profile Lake to show that she is silently and slowly working at her appointed occupation, that of making men; but she is not too slow to be proud of her lively sons and daughters who, with answering pride, rise up from nearly every State in the Union to call her blessed.

As children delight to gather annually at the old homestead, so every Free Baptist appears to delight in a N. H. Yearly Meeting, and as those who cannot be present enjoy hearing about the visit, so I trust you, my sisters, will be glad to hear of the annual meeting of the W. M. S. at Whitefield. Business meeting, at 2 P. M. Tuesday, June 11, opened with prayer service, followed by reports. Corresponding secretary, Mrs. L. J. Bunker, moved from the State early in the year, and Mrs. M. G. Osgood consented to take the office, and her report though necessarily incomplete was yet encouraging. Treasurer reported \$1600 raised. **HELPER** agent reported a small gain over last year. The vote was unanimous to make the basis of apportionment \$1600 and 600 **HELPERS** for another year; also to print 1000 copies of an annual letter and send with them copies of "How to Organize." Resolutions were passed on appropriations, **MISSIONARY HELPER**, History of F. B. W. M. S., and death of our beloved sister and mother in Israel, Mrs. S. P. Bacheler.

Public meeting came Wednesday afternoon. A most excellent devotional service was led by Mrs. M. G. Osgood. The printed program was carried out. (Corresponding secretary's report.) Then followed a bright, helpful address from our president, and excellent papers from Mrs. A. A. Farrell and Mrs. A. B. Webber. Symposium: five-minute papers bringing out the "sin of omission." (1) In relation to home and foreign missions, Rev. W. H. Getchell; (2) In relation to auxiliary work, Mrs. Kate H. Brown; (3) In relation to **MISSIONARY HELPER**, Mrs. C. A. Ricker. A cheery letter from our **HELPER** editor was read by Mrs. S. C. G. Avery. Excellent music by quartet, Rev. and Mrs. Getchell, Mrs. Avery, and Rev. Mr. Gilkey. And finally a real missionary sermon by Rev. F. L. Wiley.

We missed some of our members removed from the State, and some promoted members, among them our dear Sister Bacheler; but we were glad to welcome others to our ranks—one young sister from W. Virginia, one from Ohio, whom we were pleased to make a member of our executive committee, one whom we elected vice-president at large, and one we were proud to have elected

a member of N. H. Yearly Meeting Board. With regret we accepted the resignation of our faithful treasurer, Mrs. M. E. Scribner. We elected as officers: President, Mrs. M. S. Getchell; vice-president at large, Mrs. C. A. Ricker; corresponding secretary, Mrs. M. G. Osgood; recording secretary, Miss Ella C. Hurd; treasurer, Mrs. J. B. Jordan; *HELPER* agent, Mrs. A. W. Bradeen; children's secretary, Mrs. Fannie Manter; auditor, Mrs. E. G. Palmeter. Executive committee, Mrs. M. E. Scribner, Mrs. Kate H. Brown, Mrs. Dr. Winship-Patch, Miss Della A. Greene, Mrs. D. B. Martin, Mrs. A. B. Webber.

The annual letter will be out very soon, and the executive committee ask that extra effort be made to secure universal distribution of the same. They also urge that it be borne in mind continually that all funds contributed in New Hampshire for the W. M. S. should go through the hands of Mrs. J. B. Jordan, Laconia, N. H., and that our society year begins and closes on June 1.

Dear sisters, we most heartily and thankfully clasp hands with you for another year.

"For ah, another year, another year
We'll set our lives in richer, stronger soil,
And prune the weeds away that creep too near,
And watch and tend with never ceasing toil—
Another year, ah, yes, another year."

Yours sincerely,

ELLA C. HURD.

Manchester, N. H.

MAINE.—The Free Baptist W. M. S. of Fort Fairfield held its annual thank-offering service June 10, and a soul-stirring address on missions was given by the pastor, Rev. F. E. Carver; after which the usual thank-offering collection was taken, which amounted to \$18.54.

The ladies' auxiliary connected with the F. W. B. church, *South Portland Heights*, held their annual thank-offering meeting in the vestry of the church, June 26, at 7.30 P. M. A very interesting program was given. Prayer was offered by the pastor, Rev. W. L. Nickerson, followed by responsive reading of Scriptures, led by the president of the auxiliary, Mrs. W. L. Nickerson. A short history of the F. B. W. M. S. was read by Mrs. Warren, followed by songs, readings, and recitations relating to the subject and missions. This society has a membership of twenty four, and is supporting a native teacher. This year we have undertaken the further education of "Josoda," who wishes to fit herself for a kindergarten teacher. The collection from the envelopes amounted to \$12.50.

JOSIE A. WARREN, *Sec.*

Bowdoin Conference. There are fourteen auxiliaries in Bowdoin Conference. Eleven reported. Number of members in the auxiliaries, 215. Additions during the year, fifteen. Copies of *MISSIONARY HELPER* taken, 132. Amount

of thank offering, \$131.37. Amount of money raised in these societies, \$490.49. These auxiliaries observed the thank offering with one exception. The last session of the conference was held with the Litchfield Plains church in June. In the absence of the president of the W. M. S., Mrs. Mary E. White, secretary of the State Woman's Missionary Society, presided at our public meeting. We had the "sand-map of Balasore," by Mrs. Nellie Wade Whitcomb, which was very interesting and instructive; reading by Katherine Nickerson, reports, etc.

JENNIE R. SMITH, *Sec.*

VERMONT (St. Johnsbury).—Our thank-offering service passed off very successfully, the offering amounting to \$16.15, beside \$2.10, the junior offering for Miss Barnes. The envelopes and invitations were given out a month before the meeting, and some of those unable to attend the service sent in their offering later. The good seed, sown in good ground, brought forth at least thirty fold after the meeting. Our testimony is that the Lord's blessing rests upon the thank-offering.

M. S. W.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

THE postage rate on letters to India, for each half ounce or fraction thereof, is 5 cents.

Postage on a Picture Roll, 16 cents. Picture Rolls may be obtained at the Morning Star Publishing House for 75 cents per quarter.

If you desire to send anything to India at the time Dr. Shirley Smith sails, it should be carefully wrapped, and plainly marked to the Morning Star Publishing House, 457 Shawmut Ave., South End, Boston, Mass. *Care of Dr. Shirley Smith.*

All postage or expressage must be fully prepaid to Boston, and 50 cents per cubic foot sent to our treasurer, Miss L. A. DeMeritte, Ocean Park, Me., for the payment of freight to India. Such packages should be sent before Sept. 15.

Be careful to send only such things as our missionaries desire and need, and send only as much as you can *pay for getting there*. Anything else means money taken from the treasury, and the gifts (?) were better not sent.

But there are things that will really help them in their work, and surely we will all be glad to help supply that need, without drawing money away from the regular work.

Dr. Helen M. Phillips has suggested something for the juniors to do, in the July *HELPER*. Some juniors have already responded. Note just what kind of pictures she wants, and how prepared.

Picture Rolls are very acceptable. Some have been sent, and others are promised.

Needles, thread, and lead pencils can always be utilized. Small work-bags fitted up with the usual supplies are in order. The Sunshine bags are already provided for.

Note again that it costs 50 cents per cubic foot to send parcels to India.

Our Juniors.

"When every little hand
Shall sow the Gospel seed,
And every little heart
Shall pray for those in need,

"When every little life
Such fair, bright record shows,
Then shall the desert bud
And blossom like the rose."

OUR BIJOU.

"MISS'BAH, that gentleman that came here with Bebee Miss'bah, was he her husband or her papa?" As I write, two little tongues are prattling at my elbow, and the above question comes from Bijou, whose story I am going to tell for the children in general, and for one little man in particular. His mamma says he is very much interested in "Aunt Hattie's wittie brown chilluns," and is willing to save his pennies for them, but would like very much to know who is to have them when *they* are done with them!

About nine years ago a wee baby girl, whose heathen papa had been dead some months before she was born, was brought to Miss Coombs, to see if she would take her into the Orphanage, Mrs. Smith being then in America. The little mother herself is so small she can stand under my arm, which shows her to be only two or three inches more than four feet high. Miss Coombs knew a home where there were no children, and she persuaded the man and his wife to take the baby for their own, and to keep the mother for a time, at least, to take care of her. You wouldn't guess she is nine, if you were to see Bijou, for she is only three feet two inches high, and doesn't seem likely ever to be bigger than her little mother.

When I came back in '93, I used to notice the little midget in church, and was much attracted by her bewitching face and mischievous pranks. When "Bebee Mis'bah" came to begin kindergarten work, Bijou was one of the "charter members," and the two have always been very fond of each other. Three or four years ago Bijou's new papa died, and her new mamma got into bad ways, and one day a bad man that was in the house told Bijou to light his hooka (pipe) for him, and in doing it, somehow the house was set on fire and burned; at least, the thatched roof was burned, and only the mud walls were left. The new mamma was very angry with Bijou, and said she wouldn't keep her any more, so gave her to Mrs. Smith. But Bijou had not been taught to obey, so she ran away, back to her new mamma, who wrote a letter to Mrs. Smith saying, "Yes, I was very angry, but I can't live without my Bijou, even though she did burn my

house." So the little midget went back to her, but still came to kindergarten, which had then come to be mine. She is very fleet-footed, and whenever we played "Kookoodar cheela" (chicken and hawk) it was great fun to see her go darting in and out, this way and that, to keep away from the "hawk" who was a very spry little boy—about the only one who could catch her.

But things went from bad to worse with the new mamma, and at last the neighbors said they would have nothing to do with her, and then they said, "We musn't let Bijou come to our houses, either." This was hard lines, indeed, for the poor child who was not at all to blame for her mamma's bad ways. At last I noticed she was absent from kindergarten for two or three days, and when I inquired about it I was told the naughty mamma had given her to the Catholics! "What a shame!" I thought, "I must surely try to get her back, and if I get her, that naughty mamma shall never have her again." So then I told the dear Lord all about it, and asked one and another about the law. One man said, "The Catholics will never give her up unless you force them to," and I did so hate to have a row with them. But after she had been with them about a fortnight, I got up my courage, took Bijou's real mother with me in the buggy, and went to the convent, praying the Lord to help me get Bijou.

A "Sister" met me, and I told her about the child, something about the bad mama, and also that Bijou's true mother wanted her to come back. She was very kind and said she knew nothing but what that woman had told her, and she said Bijou's own mother was dead, but if I was sure this was the child's mother, she would give her up. I told her all our people knew the woman as Bijou's mother, and asked if I might have her then. "Do you want to take her now?" Of course I said "Yes," though I hardly dared hope for so much. She went to call her, and how I thanked the Lord over and again! She was gone quite a long time, and when she came back, bringing her, I was happy, and took the smiling little midget in my lap and gave her a good hug. I think the Sister had been talking with the priest while she was out, for she didn't seem willing to let her go, but since she had promised, I had no idea of going away without her, so I tried to be very pleasant, thanked her for her kindness, and drove away with my "jewel"—for that is what Bijou means in French—in my lap. She went to school only one day, then broke out with chicken-pox, which she had taken at the convent. Miss Gaunce, who has charge of the children in the Orphanage, took very good care of her, and she was soon well again. She has a bright, merry little face—*wish I could send you her picture*—and is nearly always laughing or smiling. Her mind works quickly, as well as her feet, and she has learned many kindergarten occupations very nicely, besides reading, spelling, and writing well for one of her age. Of course she knows the Lord's Prayer and a great

many Bible stories and Bible verses. During the few days she was with the Catholics she learned a considerable part of the "Magnificat," and can rattle it off still, though she has not the least idea what it means. Sometimes her love of fun gets her into trouble and she has to be punished, and what a flood of tears it brings! She is never stubborn, but ready at once to beg pardon, then join her wee hands, close her eyes, and tell the Lord she has been naughty and ask his forgivness.

The other evening I heard her telling over the names of "those who love us." There were so many, she really seemed to be feeling very rich. I thought "How much nicer that is than to be counting over one's troubles!" Among "those who love us" I noticed she mentioned "the one who is above," and "the Lord." When I asked her whom she meant by "the one who is above" she said, "Mamma," that is Mrs. Smith, who went to heaven last year.

Now I want all the children to pray that Bijou may grow up a very good woman, who will love the Lord so much that she will always want to obey him.

HATTIE P. PHILLIPS.

CRADLE-ROLL SOUVENIR.

A NEW and dainty souvenir for the Cradle-Roll of Little Light-Bearers has been prepared and is now ready for sale. It is printed on heavy glazed paper and contains a fine picture of the Cradle-Roll child, and also one of her home, Sinclair Orphanage. Each little one enrolled as a L. L. B. should have one of these attractive "souvenirs." Price, 3 cents each, or 25 cents per dozen. They can be procured of Mrs. E. H. Roberts, 113 Cottage St., Pawtucket, R. I.

Contributions.

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts for June, 1900

MAINE.

Aroostook Q. M. aux.	\$10.20	Coombs	\$1.00
Augusta aux. for Miss Coombs	5.00	No. Lebanon aux. T. O. on L. M. Mrs. Rose	12.05
Augusta aux. Mrs. Olive Penney for Radhi	5.00	N. Edgecomb	
Bowdoin Mrs. Hattie Purinton T. O.	1.00	No. Lebanon ad aux. T. O. on L. M. Mrs. Eli Grout	10.00
Bowdoinham aux. for Miss Coombs (T. O. \$11.06)	12.60	Ocean Park on T. O.25
Brunswick First ch. aux. T. O.	3.00	Pittsfield Vil. ch.	2.50
Brunswick First ch. S. S.	1.00	Portland Miss Whittemore's class for Nevada S. O. and on L. M. Miss Ellen C. Whittemore	4.00
Brunswick First ch. S. S. junior class	1.00	Portland Mrs. Merryman's S. S. class for S. O. Portland Children's Miss. Band for Miss Barnes \$5 Midnapore work \$3.41 \$9.31 of same on L. M. of Mrs. Litchfield and \$1.50 on L. M. of Mrs. Merryman	2.50
Bridgewater S. S. for Miss Barnes	12.00	So. Buxton ch. T. O.	11.41
Cumberland Con. Col.	8.00	So. Limington aux. for Callie Weeks	1.50
Fort Fairfield aux. T. O.	18.54	Springfield Q. M. aux. for Miss Coombs	5.00
Green aux. for Miss Coombs	3.50	W. Buxton aux. for Miss Baker	8.60
Kennebunk and Kennebunkport ch. T. O.	5.00	W. Danville C. E. Soc. T. O.	1.50
Kittery Point Mrs. Julia M. Graham	1.00	York Co. Col.	3.00
Lewiston Main St. aux. T. O.	28.00		15.35
Lisbon aux. T. O.	13.00		
Limerick aux. on L. M. Mrs. M. Holman	10.54		
Litchfield Plains a friend08		
New Gloucester Mrs. G. H. Gray for Miss			

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Acton and Milton Mills aux. (T. O. \$62)	\$72.40	Poland aux. \$1 50 H. M. \$18.55 F. M. (T. O. \$4.50)	\$20.05
Alton aux.	13.00	Spoofford Q. M. W. M. S. for native teacher	2.30
Alton aux. Miss N. J. Duncan for fan in child S. O.	4.00	Summer Hill W. M. S. native teacher	5.86
Belknap Asso.	2.03	Summer Hill F. B. ch. for native teacher per Mrs. Lucy Bingham Harriet Mosher L.	
Danville aux. (T. O. \$14)	20.00	Handy N. Vasburg Lydia Mosher M.	
Dover Hills H. and F. M. S. T. O.	35.88	Matoon and Mrs. Laselle \$1 each Mrs. Rob-	
Dover Hills H. and F. M. S.	2.10	bins and Mr. Briggs .50 each	8.00
Farmington ch.	7.20	Susquehanna Y. M. W. M. S. F. M.	5.15
Gilford Vil. aux. F. F. (\$4.50 of same S. S.)	6.50		
Gilford Vil. bequest estate of Miss Sarah P. Hunt	250.00	OHIO.	
Gonic	8.85	Auburn F. B. ch. F. M.	5.00
Laconia aux. T. O. for L. M. Mrs. Addie S. Smith \$20 and on another L. M. \$3	23.00	Meigs Q. M. for W. H. to complete L. M. of Mrs. Sarah Eakins	5.00
Lakeport aux. T. O.	12.71	MICHIGAN.	
Littleton for Miss Barnes \$4 Miss Butts \$8 (T. O. \$7.28)	19.28	Batavia aux. T. O.	7.00
Loudon Center T. O.	5.00	Brownsville Junior Band	1.00
Milton aux. on L. M. Mrs. F. E. Carver (T. O. \$8.55)	12.05	Davison aux. T. O.	9.49
New Durham aux. Cradle-Roll Dept.	4.45	W. Reading aux. T. O.	5.40
New Durham (T. O. 2.25)	7.25	INDIANA.	
New Durham Q. M. col.	5.78	Burr Oak Mrs. C. H. Smith F. F.	1.00
New Hampton aux.	19.00	Ridgeville Junior C. E. for Miss Barnes	4.00
Newmarket T. O.	20.40	ILLINOIS.	
Pittsfield (T. O. \$11.63)	13.63	Campbell Hill C. E. Juniors for Miss Barnes	2.00
Portsmouth	3.00	IOWA.	
Rockingham Asso. Col. T. O.	4.00	Aurora aux. for Miss Scott	2.55
Sandwich Asso. col.	4.25	Blackhawk and Buchanan Q. M. W. M. S. for Miss Scott	5.43
So. Berwick T. O.	5.78	Bryantburg aux. for Miss Scott	2.25
So. Berwick aux.	3.00	Central City for Miss Scott	8.05
Somersworth aux. Bessie Peckham school	6.00	Delaware and Clayton W. M. S. for Miss Scott	5.27
Strafford Corner	1.50	Edgewood aux.	1.00
Walnut Grove	5.00	Lamont aux.	4.38
Wentworth Q. M.	5.00	Spencer aux. add T. O.	1.75
Whitefield ch. for Miss Butts (T. O. \$8)	9.75	MINNESOTA.	
New Hampshire a friend	5.00	Brainard W. M. S. T. O.	18.33

VERMONT.

E. Brookfield Mrs. Aroline Sprague T. O.	.50	Delavan W. M. S. (T. O. \$21.53)	30.10
Enosburgh Falls W. M. S.	7.00	Huntley W. M. S. (T. O. \$13.61)	15.00
Sheffield ch. for Miss Smith	8.00	Minneapolis 1st F. B. ch. (T. O.) F. M.	30.00
W. Derby T. O.	5.47	Verona W. M. S. (T. O.)	11.00
Wheelock Asso.	4.11	Winnebago City aux. 1-2 H. M. 1-2 F. M.	28.50

MASSACHUSETTS.

Cambridge juniors for Miss Barnes	4.00	work	5.00
Chelsea ch. T. O.	6.86	Winnebago Q. M. W. M. S. F. M.	3.03
Lowell Paige St. aux. native teacher	6.25	Minn. Y. M. Soc. F. M.	7.24
Lowell Paige St. juniors Miss Barnes	4.00	KANSAS.	
Somerville aux. support of widow	6.25	Buffalo Valley S. S. children for Miss Barnes	1.70
Wellesley Olive S. Bean F. M.	1.00	NEBRASKA.	

RHODE ISLAND.

Carolina aux. T. O. for Miss Phillips	4.00	Lincoln W. M. S. T. O.	6.25
Carolina aux. T. O. Industrial Dept.	10.00	Long Pines "M. P. S." (T. O.)	10.00
Greenville aux. T. O. Industrial Dept.	10.00	Nemaha Q. W. M. S.	3.00
Pascoag Junior C. E. for Miss Barnes	8.00	NEW BRUNSWICK.	
Providence Roger Williams aux. T. O. for Miss Phillips	22.76	St. John West Jun. C. E. S. for W. H. per Mrs. G. A. Hartley	4.00
Rhode Island F. B. Young People's Union kindergarten	61.00	Total	\$1303.67
Rhode Island W. M. S. Anna C. Rose	1.00	LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treas.	

NEW YORK.

Gibson Q. M. W. M. S. for native teacher	6.00
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FORM OF BEQUEST.

I GIVE and bequeath the sum of —— to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, a corporation of the state of Maine.

